

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

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By W. F. and W. P. HOGARD.
Miss Leaffa Wilborn, News Editor.

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We Americans, in common with other peoples, are living in a restless age.

Before the world war all Europe slept on a volcano, dreading the day when the thunders of eruption should be heard. That eruption came almost in the twinkling of an eye, bathed two countries in the blood of millions of men, drove kings and emperors from their gilded thrones, reduced aristocrats from affluence to poverty, turned the world topsy-turvy, and made civilization a mockery and a byword.

Release from the privations entailed by war, instead of sobering humanity, seems to have turned its head. Profiteers are legion and profligate spenders are more numerous. Prodigality has swept us into a sea of uncertainty and conjecture from which not even the wisest ones can tell how or when we will emerge.

We are up in the air, knowing not which way to turn, or whether to turn or stand still, forge ahead or mark time.

It is a condition calculated to produce even the most aggravating form of restlessness in a people accustomed from our early days to a sane and simple existence.

A time will come when we as a people will emerge from our present condition of indifference to consequences. It may be a year, or two, or five, or more, and great changes may take place before we are again a normally moving people. But we Americans are not a class to be forever keyed up in a turmoil of excitement. In some way or other we will find our level and resume the wholesome existence we enjoyed before the world was set ablaze by the fires of war. It is a hope which buoy us up and reconciles us to the idiosyncrasies of a people apparently gone mad in the game of life.

It is possible that when we pass on to our ultimate rewards our children may inherit a better world than the one in which are living today. The experiences through which we are passing may imbue us with a knowledge and furnish us with wisdom to apply it for the good of posterity. Having fallen into the pitfalls of life ourselves, we may have the resourcefulness to teach our children to avoid them. A man never picks up the same hot poker twice. And we of today have picked up so many, and of such varying degrees of heat, it is to be hoped there will be but few left to scorch the fingers of our offspring.

Your character is your own and you value it above all things. How would you like to have it besmirched and blackened in the eyes of the world? Get in the race for President of the United States. Your political enemies will convict you of every sin in the decalogue and paint you so black the darkness of night will be illuminating in comparison. If you have made a mistake in life it will be pardoned for the edification of the public. If you have been circumpect your very virtues will be distorted into diabolical sins of omission and commission. For the rule of politics, you know, is not of the Golden Rule.

People who smart under the lash of false charges and malicious accusations have at least one ray of comfort to cheer them through life. In death they will not be robbed of the fruits of their virtues. When St. Peter halts them at the gates he will have a record of their deeds so complete that no single incident will be omitted. Every act will be judged in fairness and without bias, and the divine spirit of benevolence will prevail over all. There will be no false charges or malicious accusations at the gates of Paradise. All who are worthy will be welcomed, and no trades or combinations will be necessary to effect an entrance.

The man who is continually finding fault with his neighbors has a thousand devils working within his being. The condition of the soul finds lodgment in the mind and expression from the lips, and it is well to bear this in mind the next time you hear one person picking another to pieces.

PINEY CREEK

Mrs. Martha Sigler and daughter, Stella visited John Sigler and family Sunday.

John Hunt visited John Sigler Sunday.

Miss Ora Andrews visited Misses Lee and Macy Rushing Sunday.

Miss Geneva Andrews visited Vera Jennings Sunday.

BISCUIT PERFUME

By R. RAY BAKER

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At seven o'clock George Henderson's alarm clock rang down the curtain on the dream and his eyes sprang open.

The room looked the same as always, and yet there seemed something strange about it. Finally it dawned on him that a perfume from the past was scenting up his surroundings—a perfume of baking biscuits.

The strange thing about it was that to his dream he had been seated at a table about to begin an attack on warm biscuits and maple syrup.

The faint sound of an oven door banging shut and the rattling of pans came from the next room.

"The new light housekeepers," George commented, as he crawled from bed and began to dress. "That won't last long. Mrs. Maloney simply won't stand for any baking."

Arriving at his office, George waded into his correspondence, gave instructions to his assistants and clerks, then secluded himself from all callers and gave himself up to day dreams.

Elsie Havers was the cause and the subject of these dreams, George could not forget her, although he had seen her last ten years ago. At first, when he came to Detroit, he had given her scarcely a thought, he was so busy making good in the real estate "game," and besides, his fellow workers were acquainted with a number of attractive city girls, one of whom quite captivated George and allowed him to spend a great deal of time with her and a great deal of money on her; until her former sweetheart, who had been West, came back and married her, and took her to Colorado.

When George recovered from the blow he discovered he had never loved Vivian; it had been simply a case of infatuation. His thoughts naturally reverted to Elsie, and he attempted to renew his neglected correspondence with her. His letters came back unopened, stamped "Unclaimed." He wrote to mutual friends and learned that Elsie and her mother had left Harbor Springs and were living in Chicago, although their address was unobtainable.

"Why not pay the old town a visit, anyhow?" he asked himself after a few moments more of cogitation.

Twelve hours later he stepped off the train at Harbor Springs. As he walked up a bluff his gait increased.

Before long he met a farm flapper in which he noticed a number of large tin cans.

"Hello," he called. "Wait a minute." The driver applied the brakes, and the machine stopped.

"Well, well," said the driver. "If it ain't George Henderson!"

"Bill Jackson!" George exclaimed, and he extended a hand, which met a firm, warm clasp. "Are you still dealing in maple syrup?"

"You bet. Here's thirty gallons. I'm taking 'em to the store."

"Won't twenty-nine be enough for the store?" asked George, reaching for his pocketbook. "I haven't tasted maple syrup in ten years."

"Nope, I can't sell it." Bill's face was covered with a multitude of grinning wrinkles as he added, "but I'll give you one, for old time's sake, you know. You used to be my best customer."

George thanked him and trudged on with his can of syrup. It was heavy, but it wouldn't be after he found the shady spot. Soon he came to a four corners. On each of the corners was a house. George paused in front of the smallest.

"Elsie's old home," he sighed. "Wonder who lives there now?"

He mounted the porch. The door was open and only a screen barred his progress. To his astonishment the same perfume that had assailed his nostrils two mornings ago came from the interior of the house.

He knocked, and a middle-aged lady, with white hair, bustled to the door. When George saw her he dropped the can of syrup on the porch floor.

"Mrs. Havers!" he almost shouted, wringing her hand.

"Well, well, George. It does seem good to look on your face once more. And what's in that can? Maple syrup? I might have known it. You're just in time for breakfast—and we have biscuits—always do for breakfast—even down in Detroit!"

George was walking toward the kitchen. He stuck his head through the doorway and his eyes took in a young lady heading before the oven. The girl looked up and their glances met.

"What—what are you doing here?" she faltered, and her eyes found the floor.

"I just dropped in for breakfast. You see, I have maple syrup, and you—you have the biscuits; so I thought we might collaborate."

"Yes," observed Mrs. Havers, as she poured syrup on a biscuit. "We thought it would be nice to spend the summer in the old home—be resorters, like the folks over on the point; so here we are—came just yesterday morning. Yes, we liked Chicago fairly well, but Elsie thought she could get a better position in Detroit, so we moved there only last week. We found a nice place right at the start, but we had to get out—because we just had to have our biscuits, and Mrs. Maloney said the other corners couldn't stand the smell of them; so we decided to take a vacation, and use up some of the money we had saved, and as I said before, here we are."

Do Today's Job Today.

The habit of postponing is a whole-sale delusion. It is founded on false hope. The victim thinks he will have time to do tomorrow what should be done today. That more convenient time seldom ever comes. Shakespeare emphasizes the idea when he says: "You can't turn the wheel with the water that is past." Another writer has said: "Procrastination is the thief of time." It's a mere snare to conscience, and tomorrow with its own quota of jobs has no time nor room for what should have been done yesterday.—Zeit.

WAR SHORN OF ITS GLAMOR

Modern Painters, Who Themselves Have Looked on Death, Depict Slaughter as It Really Is.

For the first time in history war is painted as it is. The varnish, the glory has been taken off. It stands out in all its sudden horror. The opening of the Salon des Artistes Français, filled for the most part with canvases of men who have been in the trenches, show an astonishing absence of battle scenes.

Most of the painters have sought inspiration elsewhere. Those who have found it in the war have rendered only the dull misery of life at the front.

They show no clash of armies, these painters who have been through the war, no flourish of trumpets, not even fragments of general fights. But war as it is. A soldier, limping toward the lines, exhausted, despairing, holding up to his mouth a handkerchief, dark as a clot of blood is what one sees. The face is distorted with suffering, and the uniform is of that indescribable color which comes only from continual exposure to the elements. Garry paints a blinded soldier guided towards a relief station, Michel and Pouzargues show water-flooded trenches.

If governments in the future wish more pleasant and cheerful war scenes they will have to call on artists who stayed away from the front. Those who served were too close to death to paint anything but the truth.

JUST REPETITION OF HISTORY

Fade of the Present Day Had Their Counterpart in the Fashions of Years Ago.

Nothing is new under the sun, not even the newest and most up-to-date girl striker of the present day, with bobbed hair, nor even the employer who complains of the fashion. A writer in "Blackwood" has discovered that in the time of James I, this fashion was affected by women who donned the doublet and hose, which aroused the ire of an unknown author, who in 1620 lampooned the women of the day for so dressing, and instead of keeping to "the modest attire of the comely hood, cowl or coif and handsome dress and kirtles" betook themselves to the "cloudy, ruffianly, broad-brimmed hat and wanton feathers." Nor was this all. The extravagance of her costume, with the "French doublet" which took the place of a "concealed straight gown" was not in the author's eye the deadliest offense; incredible though it seems, she would "out and cut her hair to the despicable fashion of the Puritan." So the bobbed hair comes as a reminiscence of the modern maidens' forebears in the Covenanters' time.

Selling Shoes Under Difficulties.

Dean B. Stover, southern salesman for a Brockton shoe concern, got an order under difficulties while out on his last trip. He made a North Carolina town and hired a taxi to take him to a township 15 miles away to which few trains ran. Arriving on the outskirts of his destination he found that the heavy floods had washed away the only bridge. Mr. Stover decided the only thing to do was to turn back until the taxi driver suggested that there might be a boat somewhere around. Mr. Stover hunted along the banks until he found a flat bottomed skiff and he rowed across. He interviewed his customer, paddled him back to the other shore, requisitioned a small wharf and laid his samples out on the roadside. And he made the sale.—Brockton Enterprise.

All Blush Now.

Playwright Eugene Walter apropos of a New York publisher's conviction for publishing a supposedly obscene novel said:

"The novel in question is harmless, and the people who brought about that poor publisher's conviction were as silly as—as well as it reminds me of a story."

"The lady principal of a famous girls' school took her older pupils to the Metropolitan museum one day. Entering the hall of sculptures, the principal said, as she looked up from her catalogue: "Attention, young ladies! When we come to the next statue but one you will all blush."

Newlyweds to Tents.

A honeymoon colony, believed to be the first of its kind in England, has been established in a meadow near Farnham, Surrey. At the edge of a certain wood half a dozen tents may be seen. They are the homes of the four brides and their husbands who, rendered homeless by the house shortage, have begun their married life in the open air.

The colony is likely to be still further enlarged, for several other couples have applied for admission.—From the Continental Edition of the London Mail.

Immunity From Ivy Poisoning.

Persons susceptible to ivy poisoning can be rendered immune by taking a treatment described by Dr. Jay Frank Schumberg in the Journal of the American Medical Association. It consists in taking after meals a preparation of tincture of poison ivy, in doses gradually increasing from one drop to a teaspoonful. The immunity conferred by this lasts for about a month. Ivy poisoning may also be cured by administering the same drug in larger doses, increasing more rapidly.

Iron Clothes With the Feet.

In Cairo men employed in the native tailoring establishments iron clothes with their feet. Except for the long handle, the irons are shaped like an ordinary flat-iron, but are larger. A solid block of wood rests on the top of the iron and on this the men place one foot, guiding the iron in the desired direction by means of the handle. For the sake of convenience, ironing boards are raised only a few inches from the ground, and, however strange the method may seem, the work is done well and expeditiously.

Don't Forget the Day!

Monday, July 12th Morris, Son & Mitchell start the New Cash System

Don't forget that this rule applies to all. Don't forget that we will save you money. Don't forget to come in and investigate our prices. Don't forget that our store service will continue to be as efficient as in the past. Don't forget that we have always appreciated your business and will continue to do so. Don't forget you will have to pay some time so "why not now."

MORRIS, SON & MITCHELL

THE BIG CASH GROCERY

South Main St.

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Marion

BLACKBURN

Born on the 30th day of June, to Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Casper a seven pound girl, christened Janie Ray.

Misses Sybil Travis, Arvella Agee and Arnie Hodges attended Sunday school at this place Sunday.

Miss Pearl Davis and Mr. Wirt Horning attended services at Tribune Sunday and spent the evening at the home of W. D. Stone.

Mr. Clem Orr of Tolu spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fate Orr.

Miss Monville Boyd is spending a few days with her grandmother, Mrs. Eva Davis.

Misses Willie Travis and Ila Stembridge spent Saturday night and Sunday with Misses Lena and Stella Guess.

Miss Lena Guess and Corbit Travis attended Sunday school here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James and Miss Lura McConnell and Lenneth Brown were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McConnell Saturday night and Sunday.

Misses Lena and Stella Guess, Messrs. Jim Marvel, Corbet Travis, Nathan Sutton and W. C. McConnell of Tribune were present at the singing here Sunday night.

Mrs. Dora McConnell was the Sunday guest of C. P. McConnell and family.

Burnett Turley is working in the mines at Marion.

Mrs. Ida Yarbrough spent one evening last week with Mrs. Alma McConnell.

Mrs. J. H. East and children spent Saturday at the home of Monroe Stembridge.

Robert G. Warren was in Shady Grove Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Vanhooser were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lowery Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole McConnell and children, Lucile and Harold spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. Dora McConnell.

Hindu Youth Precocious.

A tourist traveling in India wrote some that he was astonished by the precocity of the Hindu children, says the Home Journal. Many of them are skilled workmen at an age when other children are learning the alphabet. One of the most expert carvers in wood he saw was a boy of seven, and many of the handloom and most costly rugs and carpets are woven by children not yet in their teens.

DYCUSBURG

Charles Smith of Tiline was in town Tuesday on business.

H. H. Perryman was in Paducah Wednesday.

W. E. Charles and sons, W. J. and T. E. were in Kuttawa Wednesday.

Mrs. Cardie Vandell of near Frances was in town Monday.

Mrs. G. L. Lott and Mrs. Urie Duval of Caldwell Springs were in town Tuesday.

George and Robert Melroy were in Kuttawa Wednesday.

Little Mary Henry spent Tuesday and Wednesday in the country the guest of her brother, Melvin Henry.

Frank Smith of Tiline was in town Tuesday.

W. H. Perryman who has been ill for the past six weeks of pneumonia, is now able to be out.

Christine Perryman visited her father, Perry Perryman of Mexico Wednesday.

The M. E. church has a new organ.

Mrs. D. S. Rhea of Tiline spent the fourth with her mother, Mrs. W. H. Perryman.

George Daghtrey of Cumberland City, Tenn., was in town Tuesday.

Wm. Edwards of Dawson spent Tuesday night in town.

Miss Mary Martin spent Monday night the guest of Mrs. Lily Decker of Livingston county.

Tom Martin of Missouri visited relatives here last week.

SHERIDAN

Otha Horning and wife of Rosiclare were guests of Charlie McBride and wife Saturday and Sunday. Richard Bebout and family spent the fourth at Cave-in-Rock, Ill.

Clarence Wilson and family of Carterville, Ill., visited his father, Mr. Ben Wilson and her father A. Bebout the first of this week.

Miss Malvah Beard was the guest of her cousin Miss Elizabeth Turner near Marion last week.

Clifton Enoch and wife expect to leave soon for Akron, Ohio, where he will enter a professional school. Mrs. Sue Yates visited her uncle, T. E. Griffith one day last week.

The following attended Chautauqua from here: Rush Hughes and wife and daughter, Helen, Ray Yates Ray Beard, Alvin Bagwell and Miss Dulcie Hurst, Ray Thompson and

Strouse & Bros. Evansville, Ind.

The Privilege to Buy at 20 Per Cent Reduction

Men's Boy's and Children's Fancy Spring Suits will soon be withdrawn. We are giving this notice now so that you who haven't taken advantage of this unparalleled opportunity may do so.

The clothes are big values at their low regular prices. The reduction of one-fifth in their actual prices should certainly appeal to you because of their real worth.

Palm Beach and other cool clothes for men and boys.

Strouse & Bros. Evansville, Indiana

Parcel Post Prepaid
on Mail Orders.

We Refund
Fares.

Miss Katie Hurst, Virginia Beard and Johnson Hurst, Lizzie Wilson, Phil Millican and others.

Harvey Turley and family of Rosiclare, spent Saturday night and Sunday guests of their uncle, Ben Enoch and family.

The pastor, Rev. J. W. Crowe will begin a series of meetings at Siloam Monday night, July 12.

Mrs. Nettie Humphrey, who has been quite ill of malarial fever is improving.

Mrs. Lillie Flannery of Siloam was the guest of Miss Mary Moore Monday.

LONE STAR.

Rev. J. W. Vaughn filled his regular appointment at Piney Creek Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Geneva Andrews and Vera Jennings and little Miss Geneva Hill were the guests of Mrs. Jewel Jennings Sunday.

Ivan Jennings went to Marion Saturday.

Charlie Moore visited John Rushing Sunday.

Kelley Jennings is visiting his uncle near Salem.

Mr. Charlie Hunt and family motored to Ed Rushing's Sunday.

Little Miss Stella and Virginia Jennings visited little Georgia Jennings Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Jennings and little daughter visited J. I. Carimore Sunday.

Miss Pearl James and Miss Vera Hill attended church at Piney Creek Saturday.

Miss Ruby Hill went to Marion Saturday.

Miss Imogene Hill visited Cordie Woodall Saturday night.

Mrs. Emma Hill and little daughter were the guests of Mrs. May Hill Saturday night.

Mr. Hobert Campbell was in this section Sunday.

Mr. Eugene Fritts attended church at Piney Creek Sunday.

Miss Ora Andrews visited Lee and Macy Rushing Sunday.

Good Advice.

It is not enough for a man to know a good thing when he sees it. He must also seize it.